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### The Town.

By LEIGH HUNT.

#### CHAPTER II.

*A Singular Archbishop.* — “Nice Customs Curtesy to great Kings.” — *Subtile Discernment of Sir Robert Walpole.* — *A Noble Name.* — *Riches and Apoplexy.* — *Pepys between the Tragedy of the Republic and the Comedy of the Restoration.* — *Elegant Pleasures on that Event.* — *Illustrious Inhabitants of King Street.* — *Cromwell going to Ireland.* — *Death of Spenser.* — *Dignity of the word “Inn.”* — *James the First in Procession.* — *Thomas Carew — Dryden’s Brother, the Grocer.* — *The October Club.*

We alluded, at the close of our last chapter, to Lady Nelson’s indiscreet impatience of her husband’s praises of Lady Hamilton. Close to Sir Robert Walpole, in Downing-street, resided a singular Archbishop, who, according to the account given of him by the minister’s son, would have admonished her ladyship on the subject, in a manner somewhat startling for a clergyman. We call him a singular Archbishop; and such he was, for a Protestant. Had he been a Catholic, the case would have been different, since, according to Mazzini and others, nothing is more common in Rome than for Catholic prelates to have mistresses. The practice with the cardinals, in particular, seems to be equally notorious and nonchalant. And, indeed, as the Catholic priesthood are not allowed to marry, what can be more natural than such discrepancies between the clergyman and the man?

The prelate whom we speak of was Lancelot Black-bourne, Archbishop of York. Horace Walpole, writing to Sir David Dalrymple, gives the following account of him:—

“He was perfectly a fine gentleman to the last—to eighty-four. His favourite author was Waller, whom he frequently quoted. In point of decorum, he was not quite so correct as you have been told, sir.\* I often dined with him. His mistress, Mrs. Conwys, sat at the head of the table, and Hayter, his natural son by another woman, and very like him, at the bottom, as chaplain. He (Hayter) was afterwards Bishop of London. I have heard, but do not affirm it, that Mrs. Blackbourne, before she died, complained of Mrs. Conwys being brought under the same roof. To his clergy he was, I have heard, very imperious. One story I recollect, which showed how much he was a man of this world; and which the Queen, herself, repeated to my father. On the King’s last journey to Hanover, before Lady Yarmouth came over, the Archbishop, being with her Majesty, said to her, — ‘Madam, I have been with your minister, Walpole, and he tells me that you are a wise

\* This use of the word “Sir,” now discontinued among equals, was Horace’s manner in his old age, in order to maintain his own reputation as a “fine gentleman” and easy writer.

woman, and do not mind your husband having a mistress.’ He was a little hurt at not being raised to Canterbury on Wake’s death; and said to my father, — ‘You did not think on me; but it is true, I am too old — too old.’ Perhaps, sir, these are gossiping stories, but at least they hurt nobody now.”†

That is true; otherwise we should as little repeat them as Sir David’s correspondent. The connivance here attributed to George the Second’s Queen was also true; and we may observe, by the way (as we are in Sir Robert’s company in this street), that the account to which the knowledge of it was turned by that minister, has not only been justly considered a masterpiece of sagacity, but could have entered the head of nobody who was not himself of a very indulgent disposition, as well as of an easy morality—two things by no means of necessity connected; for a man may, and very often does, take every license himself, who will only deny it the more severely to another, and on that very account,—the same love of self-indulgence and exclusiveness actuating him in both instances. The circumstance we allude to was this:—Sir Robert having discovered the indulgence exercised towards her husband by the Queen, concluded that a wife so tolerant must needs retain the strongest hold on any husband not absolutely a brute. He accordingly, to the astonishment of “the knowing,” persisted in paying her his court, in preference to the mistress; and he retained, to their greater astonishment, his hold over all three.

It should be added, with regard to Horace’s account of the Archbishop, that the filial relationship of Hayter to him has been denied, on the authority of a “parish register”; and that all such gossiping stories are to be received with caution. According to another letter of Walpole’s, the Archbishop had been a “buccaneer”; a charge which has been received with indignation; — “For how,” asks the Rev. Mr. Noble, “could a buccaneer have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was?” The thing, however, is not impossible; for Blackbourne—whom Noble himself seems to have considered wild in his younger days—might have had a fit of buccaneering at that time of life, and yet have studied afterwards. Dampier, the navigator, whom Noble admits to have resorted to buccaneering practices, turned out an excellent writer; and Raleigh, whom the Spaniards considered a pirate, was a scholar and a poet. As the whole passage in Noble respecting the Archbishop is curious, we subjoin it as a note.†

+ Letters, Dec. 11, 1780.

† “There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted that he was a buccaneer, and that one of his brethren in that profession, having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum Blackbourne, was answered, — ‘He is Archbishop of York.’ We are informed that Blackbourne was installed Sub-Dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he re-

As to morals in connection with classical and other grave toleration, they will be found to have varied in a remarkable degree according to times and circumstances. Not only were the mistresses of the French kings countenanced and courted by priests of the highest rank, who, though reverend, may not have been thought very grave; but Luther himself warranted a Protestant prince in having two wives at the same time. Swift pronounced Lady Orkney, King William's mistress, "the wisest woman he ever knew"; and many of the admirers of Milton little suspect that the great religious poet wrote a defence not only of divorce for uncongeniality's sake, but of polygamy for its own sake. It is in his "Treatise of Christian Doctrine," and was first given to the world, under the auspices of George the Fourth, by the late Bishop Sumner. Milton, it is true, argued for the practice on the authority of the Hebrew patriarchs; but what would have been said of Archbishop Blackbourne, if he had defended Lady Yarmouth by the example of Hagar?

But we must take care how we are detained so long in one spot, by the gossiping of Horace Walpole.

We must observe, however, if only for the sake of the name (the noblest sounding in the peerage), that, in a house in this street, in the year 1702-3, died *Aubrey de Vere*, Earl of Oxford, the last and twentieth earl of one and the same family,—a circumstance unique in English history.

Aubrey de Vere, notwithstanding his fine name and his twenty descents, was a very ignoble individual; and it was fit enough that the earldom should terminate in his person. He was an elegant, handsome man, with nothing in him but personal courage, and a commonplace, selfish mind. He is the scamp, who figures in the annals of the time of Charles the Second, as having cheated an actress into a false marriage. His trumpeter (for he was in the army) was dressed up for the clergyman, and his kettle-drummer signed his name as witness.\* The noble Aubrey was ashamed, of course, to marry an actress; though not ashamed to be a villain. His father, Robert de Vere, who died fighting in the service of Holland, acted a very different part; for he married a peasant's daughter, and this, perhaps, was the cause why the noble race did not go out sooner. Aubrey, who, to the healthy body which

signed in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year, he became Dean; and, in 1714, held with it the Archdeaconry of Cornwall. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, Feb. 24, 1716; and translated to York, Nov. 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As Archbishop, he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered that he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease he could Shakespeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages; and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ's Church, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man: this, however, was turned against him, by its being said, "he gained more hearts than souls." He died in 1749, and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The Rev. Thomas Hayter, installed prebendary of Riccal in 1728, and of Strensham in 1735, both in the same Archiepiscopal church, was supposed to have been the son of the Archbishop's youth."—*Nobles's Continuation of Granger's Biographical History of England*, Vol. iii. p. 63.

\* See Madame D'Aunou's *Court of Charles the Second*; the Notes to *Grammont*; or *Nobles's Continuation of Granger*, Vol. i. p. 54.

his parents gave him brought a base mind, passed a long life of selfish pleasure, and died without an heir male to succeed him. He had witnessed the two inaugurations of Cromwell, whom he propitiated; and had officially assisted at five coronations, ending with William the Third, for whom he deserted James.

We have beheld, in the person of the Duke of Queensberry, a similar long-lived individual, loaded with selfishness and titles. Let us see how the titles of the noble Aubrey de Vere would have run, had all his claims to consideration, personal as well as nominal, been brought together. He was the Right Honourable Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Premier Earl of England, Lieutenant-General of the Forces, Colonel and Captain of the Horse-Guards, Justice in Eyre, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Essex, Lord of the Bedchamber to King Charles the Second, Privy Councillor to his Majesty and to five subsequent princes, senior Knight of the Garter, Hereditary Lord Chamberlain, Polished Gentleman, and Deliberate Liar and Scoundrel.

Adieu to Downing-street, often enough to be talked of in the present day, and shaking at this minute the benches of all the Catholic prelates in Christendom. Our next step brings us to Fludyer-street, which lies at the back of it, and which is full of parliamentary agents.

This street took its name from Sir Samuel Fludyer, a London merchant and alderman, who was enormously rich, and died of an apoplexy;—comfortable reflection for thin people, who are not so wealthy. He was kinsman and godfather of Sir Samuel Romilly. Fludyer-street was built in 1706 on the site of Axe-yard, a spot so called from a brewery with the sign of an axe, and famous for the inhabitancy of Pepys, and the needless loves of Sir William Davenant, which occasioned him an irreparable loss. Sir William is numbered among the inhabitants. Pepys' house in the yard, which seems to have been his own property, was desired of him at the Restoration by Lord Claypole (one of Cromwell's lords and sons-in-law); "which methinks," added he, "is a very great change." Pepys, though no such knave as Downing, whom he abhorred, had been somewhat of a time-server himself; and he had probably doffed his hat, with all the reverence of a subject, to the son-in-law of the tremendous Cromwell. We should like to have seen him accosted on this occasion, at the corner of Axe-yard, by Lord Claypole and one of the Restoration lords at the same moment;—to have witnessed the anxiety of his jolly person and gossiping chaps, trembling betwixt the Past (which might still do him a mischief) and the Present (which had the loaves and fishes to bestow).

The Republican Lord, however, was not very likely to come in his way. Charles the Second had taken possession of Whitehall; and next year the joyous busybody gives a scene or two in connection with this quarter, which, as they are described in his most jumbled, wondering, and entertaining manner, must needs be repeated. Pepys had been that day to see the Coronation in the Abbey: from the Coronation he goes to Westminster Hall, to see the "Bishops and all others at their dinner"; and at night he is out of doors looking at the bonfires.

"At last I went to King-street, and there sent Croxford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. (He lived in the city at that time.) And so I took my wife and Mrs. Franklyn (who I preferred the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires and a great many great gallants, men and women (Davenant was perhaps among them); and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking

to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bed-fellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being Yeoman of the wine-cellars to the King) and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's (Sandwich) pretty well. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Sergeant Glynne (one of Cromwell's judges), whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this, he being now one of the King's sergeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King-street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that besides the pleasure of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of State and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.\*

Exquisite jumble of dead drunkenness; joy everywhere; no mischance; a sergeant with his horse upon him; a woman's eye put out; and Pepys, after the pleasure of all these "glorious things," shutting his eyes, in despair of ever seeing the like again till he goes to heaven!

The King-street here mentioned is the street into which we now enter, on ceasing to look down Fludyer-street. It is the street leading to the Abbey, and for all its poor look at present, was once the sole thoroughfare in this direction, and full of a stream of gentry and nobles. It had gates at each end, the northern one built by Holbein; it sent its name through that gate all the way to Charing-cross; and it was so well inhabited, that Lord Howard of Effingham, the admiral against the Spanish Armada, lived in it at one time; Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, one of the finest of Spenser's precursors, probably at the same period; Spenser himself, alas! only to die (as we shall see presently); and Cromwell at the time of his appointment to the command in Ireland.

Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council sometimes met there, in Effingham's house. Cromwell's house, according to a manuscript communication made to Mr. Peter Cunningham,† is believed to have been one, or probably both, of two ancient tenements "lying between the north side of the gateway entrance to Blue Boar's Head Yard and the wall of Ram's Mews." The Blue Boar's Head is a public-house. Cromwell set out from King-street, to go to Ireland, July 10, 1640. A journal of the time informs us, that upon the rising of the House on the afternoon of that day, he "did take leave of Master Speaker and all the Members then present, and taking horse at his house in King-street, he advanced towards Windsor, it being his way towards Ireland, attended with a retinue of gallant men for his life-guard, the trumpet sounding all the way as they marched through the streets."‡

Heav! and behold him in the more pompous description of another journalist of the same period.

"July 10th.

"This evening about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol; he went forth in that state, and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen, himself in a coach with

\* Diary. April 23 1661.

† Hand-Book of London, p. 273.

‡ Smith's Antiquarian Ramble through the Streets of London, Vol. i. p. 182.

six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest thereof a commander or esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing-cross, had it been now standing. Of his life-guard, many are colonels, and believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. The Lieutenant's colours are white and blue."§

It is thus that pomp and glory grow up in the sternest republics. Power, sooner or later, is sure to blossom into ornament. You can no more prevent it than you can prevent the sharp steel glistening, or oaks flowering, or skies being azure. War and peace will alike have it; war as its mask and reconciliation; and peace as its crown of flowers. It is in the nature of things; and beauty itself requires it, in order that nothing may rest content in a sordid and mechanical dulness.

A dreary lustre, like a sunset on a sorry wall, is thrown over this now poor-looking street, by the death of Spenser. The great poet dying from his ruined fortunes in Ireland, where the rebels had burnt not only his house, but an infant child in it, came here to die. His hapless wife accompanied him; but of her we hear nothing further, except that she married again five years afterwards. The sole melancholy particulars have come down to us on the credit of Ben Jonson; who adds what it is not so easy to believe, that some money, which was sent to the dying poet by his friend the Earl of Essex, was refused, with the strange remark, that he "had not time to spend it"; a courtesy (if we are to take the words unqualified) which is in no respect suitable, either to the circumstances or the parties, both of whom were high and loving gentlemen, liable to no vulgar mistakes about a favour, whether in the spirit of its bestowal or refusal. The probability is, that Spenser, who, in addition to his general sensibility as a poet, manifests, in his great work, a special tenderness on the subject of parents and infancy, broke his heart for the loss of a child thus cruelly murdered, not, perhaps, without some fancied reasons for remorse at not having saved it; and that if he returned the answer about the money to his noble friend in anything like the words recorded, the money must have been offered him on some gay and cheering condition, stipulated on purpose to assume a certainty of his recovery.

With respect to the "inn" at which the poet died, one is apt to fancy it some house no better than what may be seen in the street at present; but, considering the difference of the two periods, the probability is, that it was a house of fashionable resort; and in the very midst of his great friends. Not that this is of any consequence in what is called the "respectable" point of view, for any man's death is too reverend a thing for considerations so indifferent, and the demise of the author of the "Fairy Queen" would have glorified a hovel; but it is as well, among other truths, to be true to matters of fact; and the very word "inn," at that period, meant something of a much higher description than it does now; indeed, was applied indiscriminately to the highest kind of mansions, both public and private. Hence Lincoln's and Clifford's "Inn," that is to say, the "inns" or mansions of Lords Lincoln and Clifford, now called "Inns of Court"; and hence the application of the word, by the poet himself, to the resting-place of no less traveller than the God of Day:—

"Now, when as Phœbus with his fiery waine  
Unto his inn began to draw apace," &c.

§ Id.—A copy of the same extract from the *Cromwelliana* in a late great work (the *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*), speaks of the colours as being white only, and contains a defying apostrophe to Ormond, the commander for the King. But these particulars are of no importance here. We only mention them to show, that we quote nothing with inattention.

But enough on a point well-known to antiquarian readers, and which they will pardon for the sake of those lovers of books whose reading is less extensive.

From the audibility of King James's voice in the following curious passage, and from the yellow colour (which he detested) of the bands worn by the ladies, who could hardly have lived within the precincts of the court, it is probable that the scene which it describes took place in this narrow but once important thoroughfare. The relater is a busy contemporary of those days, who has left us his memoirs.—The king is going to parliament, on horseback.—

"I got a convenient place in the morning, not without some danger escaped, to see his Majesty pass to Parliament in state. It is only worth the inserting in this particular, that Prince Charles (Charles the First) rode with a rich coronet upon his head between the sergeants carrying maces, and the pensioners carrying their pole-axes, both on foot. Next before his Majesty Henry Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord Great Chamberlain of England, with Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, on his left hand, both bare-headed. Then followed his Majesty, with a rich crown upon his head, and most royal caparisons. I, amongst the nobility, especially viewed the Lord Seymour, Earl of Hartford, now some eighty-three years old, and even decrepit with age.

"In the King's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable: First, that he spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and threefold on all sides to behold him, "God bless ye! God bless ye!" contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him. Secondly, that though the windows were filled with many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them but to the Marquis of Buckingham's mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland. Thirdly, that he spake particularly and bowed to the Count of Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador. And fourthly, that looking up to one window as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies, all in yellow bands, he cried out aloud,—"a pox take ye! are ye there?" at which, being much ashamed, they all withdrew suddenly from the window."

#### ELEGANT AND GLORIOUS KING JAMIE!

In the reign of Charles the First, another poet lived in King-street, who, though far inferior to Spenser, helps to confer a grace on its memory. This was Carew, an elegant lyrical writer, not always so judicious as fanciful, who came between the earnestness of graver times, and the courtly gallantries originating in France. He was the real introducer of that prevailing smoothness in versification, the credit of which has been given to the time-serving Waller. Carew's friend Davenant, probably his neighbour at the time, in Axe-yard, thus commences a poem to him:—

"Upon my conscience, whenso'er thou diest,  
Though in the black, the mourning time of Lent,  
There will be seen, in King-street, where thou liest,  
More triumphs than in days of Parliament.  
"How glad and gaudy then will lovers be!  
For every lover that can verses read,  
Hath been so injured by thy Muse and thee,  
Ten thousand thousand times he wished thee dead."

He means that Carew had made the ladies too proud and particular.

By degrees, owing to the extension of the metropolis, and the building of streets in the "fresh air" of Piccadilly and Marylebone, King-street declined in greatness, though it appears to have been a "respectable" mixture

\* The writer differs much with himself "in this particular," a few sentences onwards.

of gentlemen's and tradesmen's houses up to a lateish period, similar perhaps, in point of repute, though not of structure and material, to what we now see in Piccadilly itself; for the aristocratic old houses had been of wood. Readers who know that Dryden was a baronet's son, are surprised when they first discover that he had a brother a grocer in this street; but younger sons of good family often went into trade in those days, than they have done since trade became a "power" competing with birth; and the grocer's son succeeded to the family estate. The last that we hear of the street is that the October Club, famous in the annals of Whigs and Tories, met there in the time of Queen Anne.

#### SCHILLER'S THEKLA.

By PARSON FRANK.

"And Schiller, with heroic front,  
Worthy of Plutarch's kiss upon 't—  
Too large for wreath of modern wout."

E. Barrett Browning.

The relation of the ivy to the gnarled and stubborn oak—not in its parasitical but in its dependent aspect—the one gracefully wreathing its light folds around the heavy trunk of the other, supporting itself by the massive tree, the knots and scars of which it serves to veil beneath its own circling greenery, typifies the relation of the Princess Thekla to her gruff, stern, iron-souled and iron-sinewed father, Duke Wallenstein. On the characters of both has Schiller lavished the pains of elaborate art; each portrait is a masterpiece. The faces alike of the great captain, with "his mysterious brow"—"heimlich Gesicht"—and of her, the heart-stricken girl, as, to quote Charles Lamb—

"In the dark night she singeth alone,  
Her eyes upward roving."

are so delineated by the dramatic limner, as to dwell for ever (the one with an ominous glare, the other with something of an angel light) in the memory of those who have once gazed on their distinctive features.

When Thekla was born into the world, her sex made her a cause of offence to the rough, martial nature that begat so gentle a thing. Wallenstein was

Indignant at his destiny,  
That it denied him a man-child, to be  
Heir of his name, and of his prosperous fortune,  
And re-illume his soon extinguished being  
In a proud line of princes.

Ere she had reflected in those blue eyes the light of her eighth summer, she was parted for years from the busy general—Thekla's lot being the seclusion and calm of convent life, and Wallenstein's,

The arrows, shouts, and views of men.+

We—i. e. you and I, reader—having cards of invitation to be present at the *réunion* of father and child, despatched for our special use by Frederick Schiller, proceed to the mansion of the Duke of Friedland, and there witness the rendezvous. The child of seven is transfigured into ripening and already pensive maidenhood, and we are at once moved to a pleasant synthesis of respect and love by her gracious and winning presence. The veteran sire is confirmed in habits of camp experience, and has added chicanery and intrigue to the creed of *his* militant churchmanship. He is even now on the brink of revolutionary enterprise, and has too deeply committed himself to find loyalty to Vienna any longer feasible. The sun of imperial favour is henceforth eclipsed for him; henceforth he must roll on, his own fire, his own light, in his own wild cometary course through troubled heavens. At this juncture, all that there is of warmth slumbering in his heart beneath the rocks and snows of his volcanic bosom is attracted

+ W. S. Landor.

forth from inmost cells by the advent of his daughter. He receives her in his arms, and clasps her in long and eloquent silence. She is to him, at a gloomy crisis, the rising star of pure and lovely hope: he takes her as the pledge of greater fortune. His ambition feeds on the thought of fashioning a crown for those fair temples, and "grows by what it feeds on."

Here, upon this head,  
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I  
Let fall the garland of a life of war,  
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,  
Transmuted to a regal ornament,  
Around these beauteous brows.

He knows not that young Max Piccolomini, under whose escort Thekla and her aunt have just reached the camp, has already won the heart of the convent damsel. Max has declared his love, during the last relay of the journey, at a hunting castle where the countess aunt joined them, and the elder lady artfully vouchsafes a seeming sanction to the engagement, in order to further the present plans of Wallenstein. Thekla's singleness of eye detects duplicity here; her vision is clear enough to see that, dim as it may be with natural tears—*das Auge von Weinen getrieben*. Soon breaks forth the storm. Countess Terzky must needs be plain with a wilful girl. She puts it to her, as a piece of really common-sense logic, Whether it is reasonable to throw herself and her father's hopes away upon a junior member of the Piccolomini firm—upon the first bearded phiz she sets eyes on after emerging from that stupid convent? Positively, for a young lady of her expectations, this is a little too bad, and the time is come, and so is the Countess Terzky, to tell her as much. How provoking that Thekla should not be converted by her aunt's dialectics,—nay, that she should raise objections which are suggested not at all by logic (which, in fact, she thinks rather out of place in a discussion of this sort), but by that arch-despiser of "dry, chopping logic," a woman's soft heart. Aunt argues from the calm cold sphere, labelled in anatomy as *pia mater*; niece, from the throbbing region of the pericardium. Think how foolish is this *penchant*, re-monstrates the one; feel how sweet it is, reiterates the other.

THEKLA.—My fate has shown me him, to whom behoves it  
That I should offer up myself. In gladness  
Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.—Not thy fate hath shown him!  
Thy heart, say rather—twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.—Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.  
I am all his. His present—his alone,  
Is this new life which lives in me. He hath  
A right to his own creature. What was I  
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

The dreadful wrath of even a self-willed Wallenstein awakens less emotion in her soul than this tender passion. Threatened with the tempest of his rage, she only winds more closely around her the warm mantle of this new sentiment—though she cannot but cower beneath the fury of the blast, and bend her meek head before its trenchant bitterness. Presentiment warns her,—

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,  
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.  
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,  
It mocks my soul with charming witchery.—

In seraph's shape it lures her toward an abyss, and she is as spell-bound as ever were the fated men and women of Greek tragedy. The mysterious shadow of Destiny broods over her pathway, and chills her at every turn with monitorions too vague to be easily solved, too clear to be explained away. Inward liberty and external necessity, as A. W. Schlegel says in his *Dramatik Kunst*, are the two poles of the tragic world, and each of the two ideas is brought into full manifestation only by

contrast with its opposite. The feeling of an internal power of self-determination is confronted by the unfathomable power of Destiny. Thekla's heart can break, and easily, but it cannot deny itself.—*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Her father, too, is marked out by the Pareæ, and we see him gradually entangled, limb by limb, in their web; and to the blackness of darkness which enshrouds his sunsetting, the sombre twilight hues of the episode of Thekla's fate, minister a touching relief. The cloud has its "silver lining," but the bosom of Night is its predestined sepulchre. Mr. De Quincey somewhere observes,—"That everybody who has read with understanding the 'Wallenstein,' of Schiller, is aware of the repose and the divine relief arising upon a background of so much darkness, such a tumult of ruffians, bloody intrigues, and assassins, from the situation of the two lovers, Max and the Princess Thekla, both yearning so profoundly after peace, both so noble, both so young, and both destined to be so unhappy." The maiden learns that her father has fallen off from the Emperor, and is about to join the enemy, and that she is to be the tool for securing the devotion of Max to his adventurous commander. Well may she cry—

O, my foreboding bosom! even now,  
Even now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!  
O, my young heart lies shuddering in its grasp.

How affecting Thekla's solicitude for her mother in this dark hour, and the sympathy between them, contrasted with the calculating policy of the Machiavellian countess! It is a fine scene where Wallenstein, yearning to pass one cloudless hour with wife and child, bids Thekla sing a melody of soothing strain—

Now such a voice,  
Will drive away from me the evil demon,  
That beats his black wings close above my head.

Alas! how can she sing such measures when every chord is unstrung and her harp pendent on the willows?

O, spare me!—sing?—now?—in this sore anxiety  
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,  
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong  
Into her grave!

When next we see her in his presence, it is as one bereaved, stricken of God and afflicted. Max, in the desperation of bewildered woe, has sought, not the bubble reputation, but the charm of rest, even in the cannon's mouth;—he has fallen in a terrible action, and his remains are now lying in a cloister church at Neustadt. Thither will poor Thekla lie, though the distance be twelve leagues, and the road occupied by armed men. That single spot is the whole earth to her. The time is past for dreading her father's rage, the sentence of the world, the tongue of calumny. What, "though it be the very witching time of night" Darkness will conceal her. What, though the weather be rough and tempestuous? Had he a soft bed under the hoofs of his war-horse? What, though the enemy line the road? They are human beings, and misery travels free through the whole earth. Twelve leagues? Ah, but

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine  
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

In vain Thekla's timid attendant seeks to dissuade her from sounding this dim and perilous way. The pilgrim feels that to such rest as Max has found, it does lead,—and that is enough for her. One pang more—the parting with her mother, and then she is gone. And we see her no more. The house of Wallenstein falls—for it is built on the sands, and the floods have risen against it, and the rains descended upon it. *"Die Sonne,"* as Tieck has it, "*sinkt tiefer und tiefer hinab, der Nacht und dem Tode entgegen.*"\* It is the fifth act of the play, and the play is a tragedy.

\* The sun sinks deeper and deeper down  
To Night and Death.

## New Books Speaking for Themselves.

CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE WITH ECKERMANN AND SORET.  
Translated from the German, by JOHN OXFORD. In  
Two Volumes. Smith, Elder & Co.

### IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING THE MEANING OF A WORD.

(From Eckermann's *Introductory Account of Himself*.)

It has been said that animals are instructed by their very organization, and so may it be said of man, that, by something which he does quite accidentally, he is often taught the higher powers which slumber within him. Something of the sort happened to me, which, though insignificant in itself, gave a new turn to my life, and is therefore stamped indelibly on my memory.

I sat one evening with both my parents at table by the light of a lamp. My father had just returned from Hamburg, and was talking about his business there. As he loved smoking, he had brought back with him a packet of tobacco, which lay before him on the table, and had for the crest a horse. This horse seemed to me a very good picture, and, as I had by me pen, ink, and a piece of paper, I was seized with an irresistible inclination to copy it. My father continued talking about Hamburg, and I, being quite unobserved, became wholly engrossed in drawing the horse. When finished, it seemed to me a perfect likeness of the original, and I experienced a delight before unknown. I showed my parents what I had done, and they could not avoid praising me and expressing admiration. I passed the night in happy excitement, and almost sleepless; I thought constantly of the horse I had drawn, and longed impatiently for morning, that I might have it again before my eyes, and delight myself with beholding it.

From this time the once-excited propensity for visible imitation was never forgotten. And as I found no other help of any sort in our place, I deemed myself most happy when our neighbour, who was a potter, lent me some outlines which served him as models for painting his plates and dishes.

These outlines I copied very carefully with pen and ink, and thus arose two books of drawings, which soon passed from hand to hand, and at last came under the eye of the upper Bailli (Oberamtmann), Meyer, the first man of the place. He sent for me, made me a present, and praised me in the kindest manner. He asked me if I should like to become a painter, for if so, he would, when I was confirmed, send me to a proper master at Hamburg. I said that I should like it very much, and would talk of it with my parents. They, however, who belonged to the peasant class, and lived in a place where scarce any occupations were followed except tilling and grazing, thought of a painter only as one who paints doors and houses. They, therefore, advised me earnestly against it, saying it was not only a very dirty, but a very dangerous trade, at which one might break one's legs or neck, as was indeed often the case, especially in Hamburg, where the houses were seven stories high. As my own ideas of a painter were not more elevated, I abandoned my fancy for this trade, and put quite out of my head the offer of the good Bailli.

### AN EARTHQUAKE SEEN IN THE SKY.

"Thursday, Nov. 13, 1823.

"One time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room, I found he had rolled his iron bed to the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. 'Have you seen nothing in the sky?' asked he; and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guard-house, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with this answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he, to me; 'this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place; then he made me sit down on the bed, and shewed me by what signs he knew this.'

I asked the good old man "what sort of weather it was."

"It was very cloudy," he replied; "no air stirring; very still and sultry."

I asked if he at once believed there was an earthquake on Goethe's word.

"Yes," said he; "I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observations at court, when a lady whispered to her neighbour, 'Only

listen, Goethe is dreaming!' But the Duke, and all the men present, believed Goethe; and the correctness of his observations was soon confirmed; for, in a few weeks, the news came that a part of Messina, on that night, had been destroyed by an earthquake."

### POEMS. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. Chapman and Hall.

(Second Notice.)

#### THE LONELY RUIN.

By the shore, a plot of ground  
Clips a ruined chapel round,  
Buttressed with a grassy mound,  
Where Day and Night and Day go by,  
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,  
Shaking of the guardian trees,  
Piping of the salted breeze;  
Day and Night and Day go by,  
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep  
A hush more dead than any sleep,  
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,  
And Day and Night and Day go by;  
Here the silence is most deep.

The chapel-ruins, lapsed again  
Into nature's wide domain,  
Sow themselves with seed and grain,  
As Day and Night and Day go by;  
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed:  
And now, the graves are also dead;  
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,  
While Day and Night and Day go by;  
And stars move calmly over head.

### TABLE-TALK. To which are added IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS OF POPE AND SWIFT. By LEIGH HUNT. Smith, Elder & Co.

#### BAGPIPES.

An air played on the bagpipes, with that detestable, monotonous drone of theirs for the bass, is like a tune tied to a post.

#### LADIES CARVING AT DINNER.

Why doesn't some leader of the fashionable world put an end to this barbarous custom? What a sight, to see a delicate little creature, or, worse perhaps, a "fine woman," in all the glory of her beauty and bedizement, rise up with a huge knife in her hand, as if she were going to act the part of Judith, and begin hacking away at a great piece of beef! For the husband does not always think it necessary to take the more laborious dish on himself. Sometimes the lady grows as hot and flushed as the housewife in the *Winter's Tale*, "her face o'er with labour." Gentlemen find bound to offer their services, and become her substitutes in that unseemly warfare. Why don't they take the business on themselves at once? or, rather, why don't they give it to the servants, who have nothing better to do, and who have eaten their own meal in comfort? A side-table is the proper place for carving. Indeed, it is used for that purpose in some great houses. Why not in all? It is favourable for additional means of keeping the dishes hot; nobody at the dinner-table is inconvenienced; and the lady of the house is not made a spectacle of, and a subject for ridiculous condolences. None would regret the reformation but epicures who keep on the watch for tidbits, to the disadvantage of honest diners; and whom it would be a pleasure to see reduced, from shocking ogres at the hostess, into dependants on the plebeian carver.

#### WAX AND HONEY.

Wax-lights, though we are accustomed to overlook the fact, and rank them with ordinary commonplaces, are true fairy tapers, — a white metamorphosis from the flowers, crowned with the most intangible of all visible mysteries — fire.

Then there is honey, which a Greek poet would have called the sister of wax, — a thing as beautiful to eat as the other is to look upon; and beautiful to look upon too. What two extraordinary substances to be made, by little winged creatures, out of roses and lilies! What a singular and

lovely energy in nature to impel those little creatures thus to fetch out the sweet and elegant properties of the coloured fragrances of the gardens, and serve them up to us for food and light! — honey to eat, and wagen tapers to eat it by! What more graceful repast could be imagined on one of the fairy tables made by Vulcan, which moved of their own accord, and came gliding, when he wanted a luncheon, to the side of Apollo! — the honey golden as his lyre, and the wax fair as his shoulders. Depend upon it, he has eaten of it many a time, chatting with Hebe before some Olympian concert; and as he talked in an under-tone, ferrid as the bees, the bass-strings of his lyre murmured an accompaniment.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PETRAGE; OR, CURIOSITIES OF FAMILY HISTORY. By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK, Professor of History and of English Literature, in the Queen's College, Belfast. Vol. the Fourth. Chapman and Hall.

ORIGIN OF THE MERCANTILE AND NOBLE FAMILY OF THE BOUVERIES (LORDS RADNOR).

Laurence des Bouveries, younger son of the Sieur des Bouveries, was born in the family château at Sainghin, near Lisle, in Flanders, in the year 1542. It was the age when all over Europe the new opinions in religion were spreading like a flame which had caught the summer grass, and, carried now in this, now in that direction, as if by the changing and chainless winds, in some countries made a universal conflagration; in others, where that was prevented by strong repressive measures, or by what seemed to be mere chance, still ran along in irresistible lines, and oftentimes would suddenly appear where the danger was the least apprehended. Young Bouveries' ingenuous and ardent mind is said to have been lighted up by the conversation of some tenants on the family estate. His father's suspicions were first excited by the frequent absence of the young man from mass. Having probably got little satisfaction by questioning his son, he one day told him that if he should again be missed from the family gathering at church on Sunday or Saint's day, he would have him delivered over to be examined by the officers of the Inquisition. Made desperate by this threat, the youth saw nothing for it but to effect his escape without loss of time from the dominion of Spain, and of the Holy Office; so, turning his back on the ancestral château, he took flight for the Rhine, and, crossing that river, found himself ere long in the free town of Frankfort. There, weary, and doubtless depressed enough, he sat down to rest himself at the gate of a large mansion. A good providence had guided his steps. That moment, when his spirits were the most sunk, and the future probably seemed all a void to him, was the beginning of his prosperity. It chanced that the master of the house came up to the gate while he was still there. In answer to his questions, Bouveries related his story without reserve. He could not have found a more sympathizing auditor: the old gentleman had himself been driven from his native country (apparently the Dutch Netherlands) on account of his religion; he told Bouveries, who he saw, he said, by the whiteness of his hands, had not been used to manual labour, that he was proprietor of a silk manufacture, and if he would live with him he should only have to superintend the workmen, and to keep the accounts. Bouveries gladly accepted this kind offer, and his conduct soon so completely gained him the heart of his protector, that, after having given him his niece in marriage (Barbara Vanden Hove, was, it seems, the lady's maiden name), he bequeathed him at his death his manufactory and all that he possessed. By this time, too, Bouveries had made himself master of the art of silk-weaving; so that he soon after determined to take advantage of a favourable opportunity, and to transfer himself and his business to England, then, under the wise policy of Elizabeth, by the encouragement of foreign, applying the best stimulus to native industry, or rather in that way making the industry and skill of other countries its own. He had established himself at Canterbury by the year 1568, as appears from the Register of the Walloon congregation there; when, if the date assigned to his birth be correct, he would only have attained the age of six-and-twenty.

He is recorded to have had by his wife, Barbara, five sons and three daughters. All the eight were married except one of the sons; but, if we may judge from the names of their husbands and wives, the English Bouveries of the principal stock still confined themselves, for this second generation, to alliances among those of their own tongue and nation.

His eldest son, Edward, is stated to have married, at Cologne, a granddaughter of a German Protestant gentleman, who had been burnt as a heretic, and had been drawn to the place of execution by his own coach-horses. His son, also named Edward, acquired a large fortune as a Turkey merchant, and was knighted by James the Second. Even this Sir Edward Bouveries, or Des Bouveries, still married, like his predecessors, into a family of foreign descent; his wife was a daughter of Jacob de la Forterie, merchant of London.

His eldest son, William, also an eminent Turkey merchant, greatly increased the fortune left him by his father, and was, in 1714, created a baronet. His eldest son, Sir Edward des Bouveries, having died without issue, was succeeded in the baronetcy, and also in the family estates, by his brother Jacob, who, in 1747, was raised to the peerage as Viscount Folkstone. His eldest son, William, was, in 1765, created Earl of Radnor, and was the grandfather of the present peer.

## The Weekly Novelist.

### II.

#### THE FORD:

A RIVER STORY.

BY CHARLES OLIER.

I HAVE a passion for travelling, which I think will haunt me to my death. Pecuniary independence is apt to produce idleness, and an idle man is often a restless man, who seeks, in perpetual change of place, for amusement, which frequently eludes his search, and he is urged onward, spite of repeated disappointment, in the hope that, at last, he shall find some region capable of satisfying his longing for excitement. This is my case. I have roamed over all parts of the old world without discovering sources of pleasure adequate to my expectation, or sufficient to reward my toil and justify the expense of the pursuit.

At length, I thought that if Europe was thus barren of entertainment, I might find, in America, elements of sufficient power to rouse the emotions of surprise and wonder which were then dormant in my breast. I should there find mighty rivers navigable for three thousand miles, compared with which the great majority of streams in the old world dwindle into meadow-brooks—stupendous cataracts, whose foam is seen, and roar heard, at vast distances—lakes like inland oceans—primeval and boundless and tangled forests of trees, of gigantic height and enormous girth—prodigious chains of rocky mountains, seemingly interminable, among which for ever broods an awful loneliness—and open wildernesses, or prairies, of so great extent as to baffle conception. Surely the torpor of my mind could no longer exist in presence of such majestic scenes; at last, I should be roused into enthusiasm.

This idea had no sooner been conceived than I embarked for North America, and, after a rather perilous passage, which afforded something of the excitement I desired, landed at New York in September 1800. Having remained in that city a short time, I proceeded to the State founded by the immortal William Penn, resolving that, after my curiosity should be satisfied in that part of the Union, I would traverse, not only the remaining States, but Canada too, in which latter country I anticipated gratifications not inferior to those found in other regions of the immense American continent.

I soon arrived at Philadelphia, a city wherein I found much to interest me, in spite of its formal and rectangular plan, and its Quakerish and money-loving inhabitants. But mere commercial places soon tire me; and having heard much of the solitary grandeur of the hills in the Dauphin county, I resolved to sojourn for a while in Harrisburgh, the county town, whence, from time to time, I could make excursions to the lonely highlands in its vicinity.

A journey of eighty miles placed me in Harrisburgh. It was now the month of October, and I thought the sombre character of the "Fall," as Americans designate Autumn, would be a propitious time for visiting the hills. Accordingly, after providing myself with a map and a stout horse, I set out one morning on an excursion to the wild locality which I desired to explore, and which was only twelve miles from the town. I would not hire a guide, being determined that the impulses which I expected to arise in my mind should lose none of their force by interruption. The day seemed favourable enough when I started: my horse was tractable and strong; and every mile plunged me into deeper and deeper solitude. I had never before been without companions in so solemn a region. It seemed as though I was the first man who had intruded on its quiet. Whenever I halted, the stillness was so oppressive that I pushed onwards in order to be relieved by the sound of my horse's feet, though they fell only on soft sward under trees, seeming like faint and timid whispers in the loneliness. There was something awful in it; but it was for this I had come, and I was determined to experience it to the full.

As I proceeded, the landscape presented new aspects of grandeur. I became more and more reconciled to my isolation, especially as I knew that only twelve miles intervened between me and very comfortable quarters. Still the solitude deepened: the "wild giants of the wood" assumed, at nearly every step, a greater bulk and more towering altitude; the hills pierced higher into the skies; the streams grew wider and deeper, but they lapsed softly along, making not even a little noise. Silence seemed slumbering there in everlasting rest. The place might have lulled even Chaucer's "God of Sleep." I was wrapt in breathless ecstasy.

Hitherto I had followed, without deviation, one of the streams which abound in this part of the Dauphin county of Pennsylvania; but at length the current made an abrupt angle, threatening to arrest my farther progress. This was the more vexatious, because the country on the other side the water tempted me with new features. Should I return to Harrisburgh, or endeavour to cross the river, and penetrate still deeper into the profundity of a spot seemingly abandoned by all living creatures?—a land

"Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,  
The passage press'd;  
Where never fish did fly,  
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;  
Where bird, with painted oars, did ne'er  
Row through the trackless ocean of the air."

My resolution was soon taken. I determined to coast the stream, and seek for a shallow through which I might push my horse. My investigation, after much delay, was rewarded by success. Without much difficulty I attained the opposite shore, and rode onward for a mile or two, enjoying the stupendous prospect presented on every side, and *listening* (if I may so express it) to the silence which vibrated in my ears.

But even rapture cannot prevail against hunger and thirst. I had been mindful of this truth on leaving Harrisburgh, where I had provided myself with a well-stored wallet, knowing, from what I had heard of the spontaneous vegetation of the hills, that enough food would be found there for the horse. Having arrived at a little open spot among the trees, I tethered my steed, giving him room enough to browse or graze, as his inclination might dictate, and then sat myself down on the fresh herbage, and spread out my store of meat and wine. Though no one was with me to partake my viands, or sympathize with my pleasure, I never enjoyed so delicious a dinner. The good cheer elevated my imagination, and I surrendered myself to dreamy fancies, which had in them I know not what of delight.

But abstractions like these often overcome prudence. I did not consider, as I ought to have done, that I was in a wild, if not a savage, country, nor that evening was rapidly coming on. My reverie was broken by observing that the shadows of the huge trees were projected horizontally over the space before me, stretching out till I could scarcely fix their termination, and that the prospect by which I was surrounded grew massed and indistinct. I looked up at the sky. It was loaded with black and heavy clouds. The air felt thick and close. A storm was evidently approaching. No time was to be lost, and I was soon again in the saddle.

I had not ridden more than a quarter of a mile when my previous notions about the brooding silence of the Dauphin hills were hideously routed. A violent clap of thunder burst right over my head, followed by a tumultuous wind, which shrieked through the trees, bending them almost to the earth, and rending their great branches with stunning noise. A deluging descent of rain added to the clamour; and to this succeeded a hissing rush of waters, now roused from their tranquillity, and foaming madly in their channel. The hurricane would soon be involved in night; and how should I find my way in utter darkness? I must, moreover, again cross the river. Would this *now* be practicable? Could I once more find the ford I had passed a few hours previously? This was my only chance; and in failure of this, what would become of me?

As I do not soon lose my presence of mind, I spurred my horse in haste to reach the stream before it should be so swollen by the flooding rain as to forbid any attempt to cross. My hope, indeed, was very faint; but, determining to make every effort, and recollecting the exact place where I had found the ford, I hurried towards it, and soon gained that part of the bank. In place of the tranquil and translucent water I had first seen, a turbid, white, and roaring torrent was now before me; and I saw clearly that certain death would follow any endeavour to pass through it. What was I to do? I was already drenched to the skin; and shelter for the night in those wild hills was utterly impossible.

It would not do, however, to be inactive. I might still find a part of the stream so narrow as to be crossed by one or two vigorous bounds, and so shallow as to afford a footing to my horse. With this hope, I pursued the shore, anxiously noting every difference in the character of the stream. How long my investigation lasted, I cannot recollect; but just as I was beginning to despair, I noted a gentle swelling of the ground, as though the earth were a little higher there than elsewhere: the banks also appeared to approach each other somewhat nearer than I had before perceived. Here, then, the endeavour might be risked; and I made up my mind to attempt it at all hazards. Speaking a few words of encouragement to my horse, and patting him on the neck, I urged him towards the water, and the generous beast, without a moment's hesitation, bounded through and landed me safely on the opposite side. I lavished all manner of praises on him, and was grateful to Heaven.

In spite, however, of this success, my danger was not ended. I was speedily buried in thick darkness—not an object was visible—I knew not what course to take; and the storm increased in fury. That I was on the homeward side of the stream, was something. But how, without light, was I to find a path through that "close dungeon of innumerable boughs?" No other course seemed left but to pass the long and tempestuous autumnal night in the wilderness, without shelter from the ever-driving rain and howling wind. Had there been a moon, I could not have seen it, because black clouds masked the firmament; and though these were torn asunder every now and then by forked lightning, the flash served only to exhibit for a moment the

dismal objects about me; and then all was dark as before, and I was left, without sight,

"In the perplex'd paths of that drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger."

While involved in this entanglement, and doubting whether I should live to see the dawn, a twinkling flame radiated, star-like, through the covert; and, as I gazed in wonder at it, a voice was heard exclaiming—

"Where are you? Speak!"

I held my breath. Who could the summoner be? Surely not any one from Harrisburgh, for I had not mentioned at my inn the place to which I was going; and, besides, the distance was too great for the host to send, especially on such a night, even had he known in what direction to search. I would not answer so unexpected a demand. New acquaintances in such savage districts were suspicious, and I was without arms.

The light receded; then made a circle round the spot in the midst of which I stood, walled in by darkness; then it flickered in a new direction; then came nearer; and again the voice shouted—

"Why don't you speak? I know you are somewhere hereabout. You can't lie all night in this storm. Answer me, or I'll give up my quest."

The peremptory tone of this demand did not tend to abate my apprehension of an unwelcome companion; but, as the light approached, it became certain that I could no longer elude detection. Putting, therefore, the best face on the matter, I called out—"For whom do you search? and what is your name?"

"I can give no answer to either question," replied the voice, still distant. "I know now, however, where you are, and will soon be with you. I am a friend."

Something was in the tones of the voice which attested the sincerity of the words. I waited with curiosity the approach of one who seemed to take so much interest in my present condition; and by-and-bye I saw a lantern, the ribs of which, to my excited imagination, circled the living light like a skeleton. When it came almost close to me, but not till then, I discerned its bearer, a dwarfish man, with an austere and painful visage.

"You're in a pretty plight," said he, stretching forth his lantern and surveying me. "What made you such a fool as to come into the hills in the fall? Don't you know that in our part of Pennsylvania the north-west winds and storms about this time are no joke? Are you a stranger?"

"I am an Englishman," I replied.

"I thought so," returned he. "Nature has made idiots of you Britishers, though I come of the same stock myself. But I'll take care of you. Put your beast's bridle into my hand, and I'll find a stable for him and a house for you."

To give my horse into the power of a man who, for aught I knew, might be a robber with a gang at hand, would be to cut off all chance of escape. I demurred, therefore, to his proposal, saying that I would follow him, but that, being tired, I would mount my beast.

"As you please," responded he, with a look that convinced me he was aware of my suspicion; "it is rough travelling here. All you have to do is to keep in the trail of my footsteps. Comfort is at hand."

I had no choice but to obey his injunction, though I could not refrain from inquiring how he came to know that I was benighted in so desolate a place.

"I will not answer you," he replied. "Do you think we can discourse in this storm? Besides," continued he, with a heavy sigh, "I have a question to ask you of more importance than any you can put to me."

I was amazed; what inquiries could a stranger desire to make of me, an idle traveller?

We soon reached his dwelling; a kind of hermitage,

snugly ensconced in a hollow between two hills. The horse was sheltered in an outhouse, and there was no want of corn to feed him. The appearance of the cottage, and the saddened manner of my host, speedily dissipated whatever apprehensions I might at first have entertained; and I congratulated myself on my unexpected deliverance from danger. I could not, however, refrain from expressing my astonishment that a comfortable dwelling should be found in so remote a spot among the hills, and that its master should have known that I was beset by night and the storm in that savage place.

"I will tell you all," returned he, "when you have had some supper, of which, I think, you must be sorely in need. Having taken care of your horse, I have a right to look to you in the second place. Nay, do not seem surprised: it is our duty to give precedence to the wants of beasts, because they, you know, cannot make complaints."

I could not but acquiesce in the justice of this distinction; and my host, having furnished me with some dry raiment, disappeared to arrange a meal with which he soon returned, placing on the table cold meat, bread, a jug of water, and a bottle of rum. It surprised me that, surrounded by such comforts, humble as they were, I should have seen no human being but himself in the house. He seemed to be aware of this, for he evidently possessed the power of interpreting looks no less than words.

"You wonder," said he, "that I should be the only person in this solitary house, in this solitary place. I hardly ever see the countenance of a fellow-creature. I am a miserable man — a man of many sorrows. But come, eat; eat, and drink. Then question me, if you will, and let me question you."

I took the refreshments placed before me, not so much from want, for, as I have said, I had dined heartily, as out of a desire to know something of the strange person before me, whose tongue was sealed till I should have partaken his hospitality. Then, drawing my chair from the table to the fireside, I said—

"Now tell me how it has happened that you knew of my presence in this spot during the horrible storm that still howls round us, and why you came forth to succour me."

"I have nothing to do in this world," responded he, in a dejected voice, "but weep, and watch the weather, especially in the fall. Do you think the weather is God's work, or the Fiend's?"

"God's work, undoubtedly, my friend," replied I. "Why should you question it?"

"The weather has blasted and utterly ruined me!" he exclaimed with a piercing look, and eyes darkened by tears. "Can that be the infliction of a merciful Deity?"

"You must not," I replied, "judge Heaven by partial inflictions. What have you suffered?"

"Unutterable agony!" ejaculated he, starting from his chair. "Agony which has hunted me from my fellow-men, and estranged me from my God!"

"Hush, hush!" I exclaimed. "Whatever may have been perpetrated by men, God is always good. In Him is an unfailing resource."

"I know not that," he returned. "Can men make storms? Can they torture the placid streams into roaring torrents? The hand of God, no less than of man, lies heavy on me, and I have no consolation but in blasphemy. Yes, I live and I blaspheme. Cursed be —"

"I will not hear you talk thus," interrupted I. "God is ever wise and fatherly, even in the terrible trials to which sometimes He subjects us. What you may have undergone, I cannot, of course, conjecture. But reflect I beseech you, that by God's mercy the visitation however dreadful, might have been designed to avert a worse calamity."

A piteous groan was the only response, as he buried his face in his hands and wept.

At length, lifting his head, and gazing in my face with wild eyes, he said,—“I saw you pass this spot at mid-day. You crossed the river. How did you get back after it was swollen with this great rain? Answer me that. I am mad to know it.”

“You shall hear,” responded L. “By perseverance, I found, even in the midst of the turbulent waters, a ford.”

“A ford!” he echoed. “Where?”

“About a mile lower down the river than the spot at which I first crossed.”

The words smote him as if a thunderbolt had fallen on his head. He dropped on his knees, and lifted up his face with a fierce look, muttering inaudibly, as if in angry expostulation with Heaven. I looked on in wonder at the inconsistency of his attitude and the rest of his demeanour. In a little time he sprang upon his feet, exclaiming,—“God's will be done, inscrutable as it is!” Having uttered this, he fell on the floor as one dead.

I lifted him up, and tried what I could do to restore him. I placed him in a chair, bathed his temples with cold water, and spoke words of comfort to him.

“You are very good,” he said at length. “I believe my heart is better by communion with you. I have not conversed with my kind for years. I have shunned them because they are merciless. Listen to my story, and judge me.”

“Not to-night,” replied L. “You will speak of it more calmly in the morning after a good sleep.”

“Sleep!” he echoed. “I never sleep. Something is always tugging at my heart. That I should continue to live is a miracle which must soon cease. No, no; hear me now. I cannot tell where I may be to-morrow.”

Being thus urged, I bowed my head in acquiescence, and he began his narration.

“I am now, as you see, a lone man; but I once had a sister. God of Heaven, what a terrible word is that ‘once’! Our parents died when we were young; and being thus left, we loved each other with all the devotion of brotherly and sisterly affection, the more intense because we were without extrinsic friendship. We lived in Harrisburgh happily, for we had enough to supply our wants, and I saw my dear, dear sister grow up into young womanhood, with feminine grace, a cheerful heart, and a pure soul.

“How I watched her! how I loved her with a brother's love! and how I rejoiced when I learned that she was sought in marriage by a man worthy of her, in the goodness of whose heart I firmly believe to this hour, though I now know, what I did not soon enough suspect, that he had temporarily forgotten one of the qualities of goodness—prudence! The wedding-day was fixed. My sister seemed more anxious for its arrival than women generally are. You may, perhaps, think this impossible; but I mean that she did not sufficiently conceal her impatience, and I could not refrain from chiding her for what I conceived to be a want of womanly discretion and delicacy. Beloved sister! I knew not your motive.

“Now began the first act of that terrible pageant of evils which has driven me mad. Do not think, because at times I am not sane, that I am raving now. No: I will keep down with a strong hand the tempest surging in my breast. I will not burst into incoherence, but will stare at my misery, and be calm. Do you understand me? Am I clear?”

“Yes,” I replied, gazing at the unhappy creature, whose distorted visage justified my apprehension that frenzy would soon be upon him. I began to wish that he had left me to the terrors of the night in a stormy wilderness, rather than bring me to so distressing an interview.

“Now listen,” resumed he. “The bridegroom that was to be, sickened with the fever which has been the curse of many parts of Pennsylvania. He died. My sister tended him night and day; but she could not catch the fever. Why could she not catch the fever? Poor thing, poor thing! The yellow demon would not touch her. She threw herself on the body of her dead husband, as she fondly called him. She clung to it—she hugged it—she kissed its horrible lips; but the infection obstinately kept off. It would not kill her; but flung her away disdainfully, to health and despair. Her agony—all innocent of evil as she was—could not be stilled by Death at that time. Some irresistible power—some devil—reserved her for more horrible torment. Where is the saving hand? Does not evil triumph over good? Do you wonder that I should sometimes lift up my voice in imprecation?”

I knew not what to answer; but begged him to discontinue his narrative. My entreaties were useless. I might as well have attempted to quell the outer tempest.

“My sister left me,” continued he; “and I knew not whither she had flown. I searched for her everywhere—I offered large rewards for intelligence concerning her. All was of no avail. Miserable me! Was she alive? or had she desperately destroyed herself? My wits began to turn. Oh, my dear, dear sister! why, in God's name did you leave me? Did you not know how I loved you? Be not impatient, my friend, but let me go on before my voice shakes into sounds that mean nothing, and before my heart is quite broken. I will not weep—I have done with weeping.

“I heard of her—at last. Where was she? and in what state? In a prison—yes, a convicted felon in a prison—a murderer, sentenced to death for slaying her infant! Accursed be the laws of man for creating artificial guilt, and when a crime is committed out of terror of the cruelties of villainous opinion, dooms the wretched victims—women—to the death of dogs. Charity has left the earth—manly feeling is at an end. Women are goaded into *guilt* to avoid the punishment denounced against *indiscretion*, and then they are murdered. Can society be guiltless in doing that which would be the worst guilt in an individual?

“The day was fixed for her public slaughter. She wrote me a few distracted words of farewell.

“With a hideous refinement, they had brought her home from Philadelphia, where she was tried, to suffer at Harrisburgh, as a warning to her townswomen. Eternal execration on them! Three days were to elapse before the consummation of the impious tragedy. There would just be time for me to rush to the capital, see the governor, lay before him the extenuating circumstances of the poor girl's crime, and cry aloud for mercy. I travelled night and day. I obtained an audience: I pleaded with tears and burning words; and succeeded in my appeal. A reprieve was put into my hands.

“I slept not a moment. I rode in light and darkness, having, beforehand, provided a relay of horses. I did not allow myself time for refreshment, but spurred on, on, touching from time to time (to ascertain if it was safe) the precious paper which was my sister's life. A superhuman impulse was upon me, and my strength kept up bravely, spite of want of sleep and want of food. After long and hard riding, I came within a few miles of the spot where now we sit. Oh, how I exulted as the space between me and Harrisburgh grew shorter and shorter! Some blessed hours were still before me. All, I thought, was safe. True, the morning lowered, and the clouds fell, by their own weight, closer to the earth. Still, what cared I for storms? Once across the river, and I should laugh at rain and wind.

“But suddenly the heavens seemed to open, and down came a flood. It was not like rain: the earth

could not drink it. The very land resembled a vast pool, and my horse's feet were in water above the fetlocks. A sickening fear, more scaring than I can describe, came over me. The river would be impassable! With mad terror, I struck continually the rowels of my spurs deep into the horse's sides, and he almost flew under the sharp pain. The bank of the river was now at hand. I heard its noise before I saw it, and then beheld a white and raging torrent which had already overflowed its bounds. I spurred my horse, foaming and bleeding as he was, towards the stream; but, as he neared the shore, he fixed his fore-feet in the ground, and would not take the plunge. No wonder: he would have been swept away and lost in a moment. Should I cast myself into the waves headlong, and try, not indeed to swim across, but to float with the torrent, in the desperate hope that it might at some turn propel me towards the opposite shore? No; a moment's reflection convinced me that, in making such an attempt, I should instantly be engulfed. My only hope, my only duty to my sister, was to seek a ford; and with this view I paced the bank with bursting brain, and looked for a shallow. None appeared. The fatal time approached; and yet the waters imprisoned me. But you—you, a stranger—found a place! Surely, I was forsaken of the Most High! I raved in intolerable anguish.

"After a time the mighty rain ceased, and in a little while the waters subsided. My horse was now more obedient to my wish; he took the plunge, and, after struggling with the waves for many minutes, made good his footing, with prodigious effort, on this side the river. Knowing the shortest cut to the town, I galloped on, flying for more than life—flying to save my sister from shame and a torturing death on the scaffold. Panting, breathless, with staring eyes and wild hair, I entered Harrisburgh. The first objects I beheld were a brutal crowd and a scaffold; and on its beam was suspended a woman, writhing and heaving with the ghastly spasms of strangulation. My eyes were struck dark, and I fell from my horse."

The unhappy man could speak no more. A long silence ensued. As I knew that any attempt to console him would be vain, if not unfeeling, I suffered his bitter agony to take its course. In an hour, he lifted up his wan eyes, and said in mild voice,—

"I told you some time ago that I never see a human being here. But my sister, who, you know, is not now human, often comes at night into this room and sits with me; and I talk fondly to her, but she never answers me; and in the morning she is gone. Good-night! I am going to bed—perhaps to sleep. You will find blankets and a pillow on that bench. I hope you, too, will sleep. Good-night!"

So saying, he left me. Feeling weary, notwithstanding the agitation I had undergone in listening to my host's story, I wrapped myself in the blankets, lay down to rest, and slumbered till the morning sun looked brightly in at the windows. I rose, and went forth. Tired out with the tempest, Nature was now in one of her serenest moods. The sky was blue, the sun radiant, and the moist trees stood heavily without the slightest movement. I enjoyed the tranquillity, hoping that it might have a beneficial effect in calming the tempest of my host's mind. I returned to the hut: its owner was not yet astir. Taking up a book that lay on the table, I sought to beguile the time till he should descend to breakfast; but an hour or two passed, and still he did not appear.

At last, resolving to ascend and waken him, I entered his chamber and approached his bed. He looked very pale. I shook him: he did not move; and I was startled by a peculiar expression in the open mouth. I felt his face: it was cold. The truth was now apparent. His sufferings were over—he was no longer of this world. His heart had given way under the tortur-

ing recital which my presence, and my having found a ford which he could not discern in the vexed river, had called forth. His death, without any act of mine, was, nevertheless, attributable to me.

Mingled with unfeigned sorrow for the unhappy end of one who had proved himself a friend to me, was some anxiety as to the situation in which I found myself. Here was I, an utter stranger, in a solitary hut with the dead body of its possessor. What was the safest course I could pursue? I resolved that, under the circumstances, my wisest plan would be to lock up the house, repair with all speed to Harrisburgh, and lay the case before a magistrate. With this view I mounted my horse, took with me the key of the tenement, and proceeded to the town, where, having seen the proper functionary, I stated what had occurred, gave my name, produced my letters of credit on various bankers in the States, and offered to place myself under surveillance during the necessary investigations. Officers, accompanied by a medical man, were sent to the hut in the hills. No violence was detected on the body; and nothing in the house was found to be disturbed. An inquest followed; and, as the verdict was, "Died by the visitation of God," I was now free to go whithersoever I pleased.

My curiosity as to America was quenched by what I had heard and seen; and, having removed to Philadelphia, I quickly embarked on my return to England.

#### A DIGRESSION TO DURHAM.

BY JOHN ACKERLON.

I HAVE one taste in me, which I can trace to a circumstance in childhood; and before I proceed to offer a late result of it to your perusal, I mention that circumstance, for the sake of the hint it may give to parents for awakening similar innocent propensities in their children. I allude to a passion which I entertain for cathedral cities. I was a small, sickly child, and used to sit whole days on a buffet, with a huge volume on my knees; preferring that to the riotous sports of my schoolmates. A series of prints of our cathedrals happened to be set before me, and became my especial favourite. I then, and afterwards, pored over the gables, and towers, and transepts of our various minsters and abbeys, until I knew their expression of countenance as well as my own grandfather's. I became also a fierce partisan for pet basilicas. But my *ne plus ultra*, as a cathedral, was York. I believed its lantern tower to be the tallest in the world, until a ruthless tourist shattered York by setting up Lincoln. And there were steeples I heard, to top even Lincoln. I would have walked miles to meet with a man who had seen such a cathedral of my dreams, and well remember the pains I took to obtain an interview with a gentleman who had beheld Strasburg spire: I fancied he must have fifty times the elevated notions of any other man; that he must be the tallest-minded man, so to speak, in the universe.

But I think no place, as a whole, so fired my enthusiasm as Durham. I fancied it to combine tallness, venerableness, war, peace, princeliness, all in one. Pictures of the lofty mass soaring over the river, with the long battlements of the castle; wild stories of Bede, and Oswald, and St. Cuthbert; of Danes sacking the unfortunate coast abbeys; of the splendour of the Count Palatine Bishops, and the hoar antiquity of the entire place and of its story, so stamped Durham into my veneration and my love, that I could not think of it without my heart throbbing, and my pulses quickening their beat. In short, a new species of steeple-chasing—to-wit, cathedral-hunting—became my mania; yet I never got so far as the greatest object of my pursuit till the other day, when circumstances calling me in that direction, I found myself impetuously making

arrangements for calling at "Durham." I was going to visit Yarrow, and said to my "winsome marrow" (an appendage indispensably necessary to all who journey Yarrowwards), that come of it what might, turn aside we must, and see the towers of "Durham."

Our first experiences were not very promising. From York to Durham is as uninteresting a line of railroad as any in the kingdom; and on approaching the latter city it becomes more so. The country is one huge coal-pit, with tram-roads and coal-railways dashing £ s. d. lines over its broken and dingy surface. A small junction takes you from the main line to the city, the point of divergence being Belmont (Fair Mount!), a namesake of the residence of the fair Portia. I wish Shakespeare could have had native as well as foreign reasons for so christening her abode. Certainly he would have found no Italian reasons for the name of the abode-carbonic. We reached Belmont junction at the close of a dull, chill October day; and I must own, in spite of my juvenile recollections, that a long delay and much agony of mind regarding a decrepit travelling trunk of the "marrow," did not prepare me for a favourable impression of the city. To the cathedral, however, I was as constant as the "father to the man;" that is to say, in Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy, as the little boy to the papa, his offspring.

The term at Durham university was commencing, and consequently the train was filled with students, who seemed to be blest with paucity of luggage and high animal spirits. An omnibus, more spavined even than its spavined horses, performs the business of conveying passengers and parcels to all quarters of the city; and this is the only public conveyance I could gain tidings of. An eccentric gentleman performed the function of driver. He appeared as if he had been bred to the profession of boots, then transferred for a series of years to the lowest abysses of a coal-mine, then made a ploughman for a month, and finally installed as driver of *the* conveyance of Durham.

Under the auspices of this incoherent phenomenon, we rumbled, at the rate of half a mile an hour, down a series of as narrow, ill-paved, ill-lighted, steep, dirty, and disagreeable streets as I ever beheld in any city or borough in this or in the sister country. The place was anything but prepossessing, and when I gained the hotel, and found no fires in private rooms, my feelings (with the small exception of the female portion of the race) were, apathy towards mankind in general, intense personal hatred towards the proprietor of the hotel, contempt for the city, and total disbelief in the existence of the cathedral.

But on the morrow the sun rose fair and bright, as if to vindicate a favourite child against the shallow mis-judgment of first impressions. I sallied out, and there, on a lofty precipice above the Wear, out-sailed into the blue background of the sky, the gigantic outline of my juvenile adoration. I might exclaim at length with fine old Drayton—

"Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated town."

For the sight which I then saw, may be said to be Durham, and Durham alone. The embattled keep of the castle stood up "bravely" beside the cathedral; and quaint, old, red-tiled houses crowded round about them, and formed an antique setting. I cannot imagine a finer situation than the one on which stand these venerable monuments of a by-gone time. The river Wear, with one of those eccentric touches which rivers occasionally indulge in, takes it into its head to rush off in a southerly direction, and then suddenly turns full to the north-east, thus leaving a narrow peninsula between its waters.

The passage in Drayton containing the line which I have just quoted, describes this freak of the river to a nicety. The river itself is speaking:—

—Whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,  
I change my posture oft to many a snaky gyre,  
To my first fountain now as seeming to retire;  
Then suddenly again I turn the watery trail,  
Now I indent the earth, and now I it engaile  
With many a turn and trace. Thus wandering up and down,  
Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated town.

With which beloved place I seem so pleased here,  
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in  
My dear and amorous arms.—*Polyolbion*, Song 23.

This is just the fact, poetically set forth. The river clips the spot with its arms, and may be fancied as no less looking up to it with its eyes; for this is not a mere level plot of river-girt land, but a lofty eminence hanging over the stream. From brink to summit ancient houses are huddled together, one above the other, on ledges; and on the loftiest point stands the mausoleum of St. Cuthbert. The slopes of the banks are girt with trees, both by the cathedral and on the opposite side; and nothing can exceed the startling effects of the mingled towers and trees and turrets. Nor are the details of the castle and cathedral less beautiful than the general effect. For perfect symmetry, the latter cannot compare with York or Lincoln; and yet it has advantages which almost make me heretical to those *chef d'œuvres*. It is more venerable, more solid, more ancient, and has less of the elaborate and ornate than of the massive and imposing. There is a beautiful circular oriel, which may certainly vie with the giant eastern window of York, and the whole internal effect is much heightened by the nave and choir not being separated, as in most cathedrals; thus giving the full design of the architect in his idea of the interior. I cannot descant architecturally upon the cathedral's merits or demerits; all I can affirm is, that, externally and internally, the grim old pile raised increased admiration and reverence for the capacity of my fellow men, and augmented my confidence in those high qualities of poetry and devotion which ever have been, and, I believe, ever will be, the dower of our struggling, our conquering mankind. To create this feeling it must be a poem in stone, be its architectural merits what they may. At the hotel there lay an account of Durham, which consisted of two hundred pages of a continued surfeit of architectural terms. Probably, readers of a building and surveying turn may glean something from the following criticism on the cathedral:—"If, instead of the triforium being quatrefoiled on transoms, bosses and mullions had sprung from the soffits of the clerestory, and the whole based on trefoiled crockets, the ogee arches would have been less contracted, and the corbels and apses of the nave had their due effect." For my own part, I would give all this erudite jargon for one living anecdote of any great man connected with the see; but this the author never vouchsafed to give me. In fact, excepting the legends about St. Cuthbert, perhaps there is little to be told. How Durham episcopate was also a temporal power, and the Lord Bishops were the Counts Palatine, and had their particular courts and jurisdiction, to the sore perplexity of the lawyers, and the annoyance of the dwellers in the Palatinate; and how, when Bishop Van Mildert died, some fifteen years ago, all these were wisely swept away to the disgust of mere Past-worshippers and sentimental quasi-poets of a feudal and ecclesiastical turn, and to the satisfaction of all common-sense, prospective men—the reader is very possibly aware. The story of St. Cuthbert runs thus:—

St. Cuthbert, in his young days, was what we should term "fast." He was a mediæval gallant, and made sad havoc with the hearts of the Deiran ladies; and, altogether, he led a gay and, perhaps, not very reputable life, until, partly because he had grown *blast*, and partly because there was a deep substratum of north-country earnestness in him, he suddenly determined to

lead a holier, chaster life. But, like all reformed rakes, he rushed into extremes. As people who have given up drinking always are most bitter against alcohol and publicans, and as a man who, having smoked away his nerves, has given up tobacco, always considers it a filthy, poisonous weed—so St. Cuthbert, instead of simply eschewing profligacy, left for ever the bright eyes and loving bosoms of the fair Northumbrians, and tabooed the entire sex as something foul and detestable. He took up his abode in Lindisfarne, and soon made his woman-hated a *reductio ad absurdum*. He could tell when a woman was within five miles of the monastery, and used to shut himself up in a damp cellar, and howl till she went away. When he heard of a wedding he wept blood, and had the convent illuminated at the death of every female; entirely overlooking the fact that, but for females and weddings his blessed saintship would not have been there to howl and to illuminate. He carried his contempt for women so far as to be guilty, occasionally, of a brutality and ferocity very unbecoming the sphere of life he moved in. An instance will suffice. A young lady of high rank, having been guilty of an indiscretion which required the affiliation of a young Northumbrian, probably for a little fun (like Sheridan's famous freak of giving his name "Wilberforce," when picked up drunk by the police), assigned the paternity to St. Cuthbert. The Saint, strong in his virtue, attended to meet the charge, without legal advisers, and he won the case in a summary, but not very Christian manner; for no sooner did he confront the lady, than he waved his crozier, and the earth opened and swallowed her up, and home, in great majesty, stalked the saint! But not even his saintship and woman-hated could save him from death. St. Cuthbert died. His body, however, remained uncorrupted and incorruptible; manifesting his aversion to women by crying and kicking whenever they approached him; and on emergencies gave orders and advice as usual. In fact, so closely did his conduct as a corpse resemble that of a living man, that one cannot see the reason why he died at all. The Danes, however, burst in upon Lindisfarne, and the bishop and some monks ran away with the precious body. They went to Chester-le-street, Crake Minster, Ripon; and I know not where. All over the north country they carried the body, but, like a spoiled child, it would not be satisfied with any place they could select for burial. Whenever they attempted to inter it, the body was heard whining and kicking the coffin-lid, and crying—"I won't be buried here." Now and then it favoured them with a miracle, such as drying up a sea, creating magical horses, and striking people with fevers and epilepsies; but at length, after many years of wandering, it quietly opened its lips, and indicated its present resting-place. If it had seen good to do this before, an infinitude of needless trouble and expense might have been spared the saint's disciples. He lies now at Durham, and the magnificent cathedral is his mighty mausoleum. But he kept up his woman-hated long after his final sepulture. A blue cross in the middle of the cathedral formed a barrier against female intrusion; and whenever a stray petticoat ventured to intrude, the heels of the saint were heard tapping the coffin, and a whining and blubbering proceeded from the tomb. Queen Philippa herself, of burghesses of Calais notoriety, had to get up in the middle of the night, from the arms of her lord Edward, and seek other lodgings in her night-gown, because the king had taken up his abode within the convent precincts, and St. Cuthbert had begun his anti-feminine objections. Nevertheless, female curiosity occasionally prompted ladies to disguise themselves, and invade the *sanctum* of the saint. But he was too many for them. The tapping and bellowing always commenced, and his detectives, rushing on the intruder, buried them alive, or frightened them to death, or to a nunnery. A dead body, nevertheless, it seems, cannot

stand incessant vexation any more than a living one; and the saint, in a few centuries, began to hold his peace. His corpse, however, retained its traditional incorruptibility till the present century, when matter-of-fact curiosity ascertained to a certainty that St. Cuthbert had gone the way of all flesh. Such tales as these are all that idle curiosity has seen good to give of the records of a brave man's life. The absurdity lives, the good and the valour are lost for ever. For let us not doubt but that St. Cuthbert was, in his day, a right noble man; that he fought his own battle and his country's, as a right man should do; and gave his contribution fully and fairly to the culture and elevation of the British people—begun before his day, and to continue when we, too, are names, and ghosts of names. He was a worthy compeer of Venerable Bede, who shares his cathedral tomb. To Bede we owe what little knowledge remains to us of our earliest story. Simple, learned, pious, credulous; the good old scholar shines on us from the far Past, a mild and wholesome luminecence. The known, the quiet good of Bede; the unknown but presumed heroism of St. Cuthbert, find a worthy habitation in the brown old pile. My heart beats even now, when I think of its huge bulk standing out against the sky, on that high peninsula. Go where you will, you see it to advantage. Front it, and the Galilee and west towers stretch a carved rampart above the murmuring waters of the Wear; see it from the south, and the great tower, and countless pinnacles and angles, shoot from among the rich foliage that surrounds it; from the north, and the castle, and it seems blended together in one huge, incongruous embodiment of the tremendous and wonderful in man; see it from the east, and transepts, and towers, and buttresses, mingle in picturesque confusion, and the mighty mass looms over the red-roofed city, like a sorrowing and ancient parent, as though saying devoutly—"There were brave hearts and clever hands in my youth and childhood; may the valour and the cunning of the British people never fail!"

Nor are the natural aspects of the immediate neighbourhood less imposing than the works of man. But they have a milder, a more soothing teaching. Nature is there a preacher of the beautiful, rather than of the wonderful; though still, in the river portion, it may be said to partake of the surprising.

On the banks of the Wear, all is fresh, and green, and lustrous. The river (just as Drayton has described it) winds about in the most reckless and undecided manner, between lofty and precipitous banks, clothed in foliage; and at every winding, picturesque angles jut forth, rich, from the brink to the summit, with all the varied tints of a wild miscellany of trees. Through these woods run a profusion of paths, crossing and intersecting each other, in slopes and terraces; not elaborate, artful constructions for effect, but rambling bye-paths, framed to the impulses of ancient wanderers by the Wear. In the woods are tangled heaps of brushwood and long graceful grasses, clasping the knees of the overarching trees; and through the breaks of the foliage are glimpses of the opposite banks, crowned with scattered cottages and churches, and of the wide and babbling river. And when the city is approached, and the castle and cathedral frown down upon you on the Prebend's bridge, you have a river as lovely and romantic as the Rhine, and a pile well nigh as picturesque as Ehrenbreitstein.

The town is better by daylight than in the dark and damp; but it is at best a poor, shabby place. Quiet as death, with strange names on the sign-boards, and a general dash of dirtiness smeared over everything, it looks as though it had been working in a coal-pit, and, on resuming its position as a cathedral city, had forgotten to wash its face. You wonder how anybody's pulses can beat there to the tune of the nineteenth century. The city partly reminds you of a coal-yard, and partly of

**Henry VIII.** An atmosphere of antiquity is around you, and you unconsciously feel your head to assure yourself you are not bald. If you heard that they thought George III. still reigned, you would not be surprised. And yet I can imagine myself living in Durham, and loving it and its inhabitants; for custom is the great endearer, and there are good, warm, gentle souls in Durham, as in every other habitation of mankind, ancient or modern.

I may never again see the city, and its towered peninsula, and its beautiful green banks; but it will live in my recollection, and in my affection while I live. In hours of need, I shall draw energy, and gravity, and respect for the past, from the old cathedral; and hear admonitions of beauty from the river,—teaching me, that human creatures also should strive to become venerable and beautiful in our own art-loving and nature-loving souls.

### Extracts from Books in General.

#### NATURAL LAW THE PRECURSOR OF RELIGIOUS LAW.

Had there not been a law written in the heart of man, a law without him could be to no purpose. For had we not principles that are *concreted* (interwoven in our nature),—did we not know something,—no man could prove anything. He that knows nothing, grants nothing.—*Whitchote's Sermons.*

#### WANT OF MONEY.

I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, "of formal cut," to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and whilst they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of "Gil Blas," containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Very nor Louis XVIII. over an oyster-pâté, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word luxury better than I did at that moment. If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelia's *hush'd-matum* is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess, and caricature (which is very unusual with the author), in the contrivance of old Caleb, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper-time. I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor, but a very poor creature, as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand, she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton:—

"And ever against *eating* cares  
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs."

Defoe, in his "Life of Colonel Jack," gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion, for the first time in his life, at a threepenny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished his hot smoking sop, and airs with which he called about him—"and every time," he says, "we called for bread and beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered 'coming, gentlemen, coming'; and this delighted me more than all the rest."—*Haslett.*

#### SINCERE AND INSINCERE MEN OF LETTERS.

Who have raised so loud an outcry and clamour against reformers as those who turn science and learning into daily bread? Who so carefully and so effectually obstruct the progress of useful revolutions in the empire of science, as these men? Every spark of light which is enkindled by some happy genius, is it in what science it may, renders their barrenness and poverty visible. They fight with bitterness, with malice, with desperation; for the forms and systems which they defend are identified with their very existence. Hence, there is no more implacable enemy, no

more envious colleague, no more jealous inquisitor, than the man who has set his talents and knowledge to sale. The less his acquirements reward him in *and for themselves*, the larger remuneration does he crave from others; for the merits of the artisan, and for those of the man of science, he has only one standard—labour: hence, there are no greater complainers than such men. Not in the deep and hidden treasures of his own thoughts does he seek his reward; he seeks it in external applause, in titles and posts of honour or authority. Is he disappointed of these? Who is more unhappy than the man who has cultivated knowledge with no purer and higher aims? He has lived, he has watched, he has toiled, in vain; in vain has he searched for truth, if he cannot barter her in exchange for gold, for newspaper applause, for Court favour.

Pitiable man! who, with the noblest of all instruments,—Science and Art,—can design, can execute nothing higher than the artisan, with the meanest? who, in the empire of perfect freedom, bears about the soul of a slave.—*Schiller.*

#### A CONSIDERATION FOR MODESTY.

Language, strictly considered, is still more emphatically an index of our ignorance than of our knowledge. It arches over a fathomless abyss; and if from its literal and predicate significance we subtract its exact and legitimate amount of meaning, there remains an indefinite residuum of assumption corresponding to the immensity of the unexplored region of truth.—*Mackay's Progress of the Intellect.*

#### CONCISENESS DESIRABLE.

I have heard of a formal old gentleman, who, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted and called to his servant in the following manner:—"Tom, take off the saddle which is upon my bay horse and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy gray horse, and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon thy gray horse." The fellow gaped all this while, and at last cried out,—"Lack-a-day, sir! could not you have said at once, 'Change the saddles'?"—*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

#### AN ABSENT MAN.

One who frequently visited Mr. Woodeson, as well as our family at Richmond, was the Rev. George Harvest, fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and for many years curate of Thames Ditton, one of my father's chapels: a man of great moral rectitude and solid understanding, but of an unequalled singularity of manners, and no less obliquity of mind. His dexterities of attention were not surpassed by those which the fruitfulness of sportive fancy has recorded of the ever-memorable Parson Adams. A few specimens of his oddities will serve not merely to delight the humourist, but may contribute also not a little to assist the philosophical analyst in his luebrations on the human understanding. Mr. Harvest passed much of his time in the family of Lord O——, his parishioner, and was not unfrequently exhibited to the visitors as a subject of merriment and curiosity, but without insolence on one side or servility on the other. One night he was sitting with Lady O—— and the family, amidst the pageantry of politeness, in the front box of a London theatre; in this conspicuous situation, poor Harvest, on pulling out his handkerchief, brought with it an old greasy night-cap, which fell into the pit. "Who owns this?" cries a gentleman below, elevating the trophy in full display on the point of his cane: "Who owns this?" The unaffected simplicity of our divine, little considering the delicate sensations of his friends, and overjoyed at the recovery of this valuable chattel, eagerly darts out his hand, seizes the cap, and, in the action, cries out, "It is mine!" The party were utterly disconcerted at the circumstance, and blushed for their companion, who in the mean time wondered at their confusion, and rather expected the sympathies of benevolence with the joy of their friend at this happy recovery of his property. On another occasion, Harvest accompanied his patron into France; and during the necessary delay at some post-town, our contemplative parson rambled about after a bookseller's shop, and found one. Here he amused himself a while with his favourite companions; but at last reflected that his friends were in haste to depart, and might be much incommoded by his stay. He had forgotten the name of the inn, and to expect him to find a road merely because he had traversed it before, was to expect that Theseus should unravel the *Diedalean* labyrinth without the thread of Ariadne. Not a word of French could our traveller speak, to be understood, but recollecting the sign of the inn to be a lion. Still, how to make the bookseller comprehend this, was the diffi-

culty. Harvest, however, tall and sturdy, raised himself, to the no small terror of the bookseller, with projected and curving arms, into the formidable attitude of a lion rampant; and succeeded at length, by a repetition of this happy effort, in suggesting an idea of a lion to the staring Frenchman. But another difficulty of a more arduous nature now presented itself. There are black lions, and red lions, and white lions; of which last colour was the lion in question. Now no two-footed creature under the sun could less exemplify that admirable maxim of the Presbyterian divine, that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," than the hero of our story, who was Slovenliness in person. Harvest, therefore, to complete the aggregate, and impress upon the *sensorium* of the bookseller the specific idea, not of a lion only, but of a white lion, unbuttons his waistcoat, and shows his shirt. In another region, our uncleanly countryman might have severely rued his inattention to the decencies of life; but the polite Frenchman put a candid construction upon the case, and extricated the grim ecclesiastic from his distress, by a safe conveyance to the White Lion Inn.—*Life of Gilbert Wakefield.*

### Talk of the Week.

*The Great Exhibition.—Its moral effects.—The Building.—How to see the Exhibition.—National Defences and Sir Francis Head.—Prospects of the publishing season.*

THE Great Exhibition is the permanent object of interest, the staple of conversation, however fleeting matters may draw the attention of the public into other channels. And an object more worthy of interest seldom has attracted the notice of our countrymen. It is a happy chance that at the very period when the public are roused by a foolish attempt to build up anew the dead empire of the Past among us, there should be building up also the noble embodiment of a nobler Idea, which, while it represents the Present, foreshadows, and gives good promise of, the Future. We regard the Exhibition of 1851 as an Idea, the consequences of which lie farther and deeper than many imagine. The benefits of the Exhibition will be much greater and much more enduring than any little evils it may occasion. A "Philosopher" has given us his "mite" upon the subject; which is to the effect that the millions of strange and not over-cleanly foreigners who will visit London, will certainly engender a Great Plague. The "Philosopher" evidently loses sight of the attention that has been paid of late to sanitary reform; ignores the increased use of soap and water, not to speak of clean sand, even among Mussulmen and dwellers in Mesopotamia. We imagine that the blockade of certain highways, and the impossibility of finding omnibus accommodation, will be the chief plague that crowds of foreigners will create here. And even if a real plague were to be the result, it would not be a dear price to pay for the removal of those centuries of moral plague, of prejudice, and hostility, that have insulated England from the world at large, more effectually than the ocean. For our part, we recognise in this design the first great expression of advanced international feeling, the harbinger of further advancements, which it might seem Utopian to hint at now. The various families of Man cannot associate together without increasing their love and their esteem for each other, without diminishing their little piques and hatred. If our brethren are brought from far continents and islands to see their long parted friends it is a good thing, be the object of their visit what it may: but how much more is it a good thing when the object of their visit is to see, as it were, the net result of our common humanity, in all matters of Comfort or of Beauty. The Exhibition will, probably, be the commencement of an era of national co-operation and mutual help, to displace altogether, let us hope, the old *régime* of national strife and bloodshed. It will then be seen what are the particular capacities of different localities, and the foundation will be laid for an enlarged interchange of productions and commodities—a Division of Labour on

a world basis. What would Adam Smith have given to see this commencement of the carrying out of his favourite theorem on a worthy scale, and divested of the blots that have stained its working hitherto? The Crystal Palace will be at once the Temple in which are hung the spoils of Usefulness and Beauty which our warrior-race has wrested from emptiness and chaos in its long, but resolute, campaignings; the arena where the meritorious cohorts may display their peculiar triumphs; and where the wise in one set of tactics may learn wisdom from those who are skilled in another, and the general sum of wisdom be thus augmented among the nations.

As in St. Paul's the various monuments are dwarfed by the great monument of Christopher Wren above and around you; so in the Exhibition there will be no more wonderful triumph of mathematical calculation, mechanical skill, and prompt, indomitable industry than the Building itself. There are sceptics and cavillers regarding the Building, as well as regarding the result of the Exhibition. Sagacious architects with limited practice, shake their heads profoundly at the delicate iron work that springs up so swiftly and fairy-like before their astonished gaze. It is a bold and a great design, and the little by their nature must enrol themselves among its detractors. Others, lost in amazement at the end, have grown doubtful of the means, and have announced the impossibility of its completion by the close of the year. But no one can pass the building frequently without believing in its very speedy completion. For the erection goes on like wizardry: acres are covered in a day, as bridges were erected in the old days of demonology in a night. An intricate mass of net-work it seems, like the incomplete web of a "monster" spider, with men, like insects, scattered all over it, completing and filling up the design. There is uncovered ground, fenced in by the wooden boundary; there are bare iron-pillars, like landmarks; there is a confused pile of tiers, scaffoldings, poles, glass, and iron-work; there, in the centre, is the skeleton of the great transept-arch, with the trees underneath, that they are glazing in after a style the most matter of fact; and when the dinner-bell sounds and the door opens, and a stream of many hundreds of workpeople flood forth, and rush at their highest speed away, as though neither their dinners nor their work would admit of loitering for a moment: you cannot help thinking that the enterprising spirit which could undertake so vast a task, and the skill that can conduct so great an undertaking, and successfully drill those many thousand units into an effective whole, could accomplish anything they undertook, were it even putting all us bees of London under a hive of glass. We learn, accordingly, that the Contractors have invited the Society of Arts to inspect the completed building on the 30th of the present month.

But has the reader ever speculated on the extent of travelling there will be within the building before the entire exhibition can be seen? We have heard it estimated at thirty miles, and we are convinced that the minimum must be twenty! Yes: following all the many passages, winding about the galleries, and seeing everything, will necessitate the perambulation of at least twenty miles. Think of that, all ye who purpose "running up to London for a day" to see the Exhibition. It cannot be done, for physical reasons; and it cannot be done with any good, if the physical reasons were not, from other causes which originate in the very nature of the human intellect. Our appetite for admiration, for wonder, is as much limited as is our appetite for food; and, as with food, the richer and more luscious it is, the sooner it palls upon the palate, so the more worthy of admiration an object is, the sooner it exhausts our admiring faculty. After an hour or two in sight-seeing, the eye becomes weary; it does not report any faithful image of the thing seen

to the mind; and what it does report, the mind cannot understand. Bodily lassitude ensues, and the rest of the spectacle, be it what it may, is hurried over with no advantage to the beholder—with no justice to the producer of the sight to be examined. Hence, let no one imagine that the Great Exhibition can be hastily seen. No one can see it thoroughly in less than a week; and many weeks would be required to understand and to appreciate all the wonders that will be there exposed. But against the design of seeing it *in a day* is opposed an almost physical impossibility, and a law of the intellect which will not allow itself to be evaded or outraged. The proper appreciation of the Exhibition will be much facilitated by people selecting branches they are conversant with, and confining themselves pretty much to them. It is useless directing one whose tastes are decidedly mechanical to porcelain or Dresden china-work; admirers of *vertu* will take no interest in the machines of Manchester; lovers of the beautiful will see little to admire in homely calico or plain fustian; and our rough woollen spinners and North-country weavers will not be interested in the fancy work and delicate designs of our more artistic neighbours. Why then wander through these departments that they do not understand, and which cannot possibly please unless understood, gazing vacantly around, to arrive worn out and weary at the very portion of the Exhibition they could appreciate, and whence they could receive some valuable instruction? We do not mean by this that any one should estimate his capacities by his past experience, and because his occupation and tastes have made him chiefly intimate with practicalities, imagine that the Beautiful has no charms for him. An appetite for the Beautiful, and a love of Art, lies in every man, whatever his rank or calling; and none should lose an opportunity for stimulating and enlarging them. But as the Exhibition will be, of necessity, on a scale so vast that it will be impossible to examine and understand the whole, we earnestly recommend that every one should make it his business thoroughly to master his own particular department—to learn all he can from it, and then devote what time and energy remain to increasing his general knowledge of other branches of the productions of human ingenuity and skill. For the Exhibition will afford such opportunities for individual, as well as national improvement, that it would be a misfortune were they not used to good account.

The attempt to get up an alarm about the insecurity of our national defences, has been a topic for ridicule rather than serious conversation. Sir Francis Head endeavours to show, that because we have not our coasts converted into one unbroken line of Cherburys, and because the Island is not girt around with a fence of soldiery, the tradesmen in the city will be surprised some morning, after letting down their shutters, to see a little detachment of Frenchmen entering their shops on a pillaging expedition, and that be their first warning of a seizure of London by 100,000 foreign soldiers. Sir F. Head overlooks many important items in his calculations. He overlooks the consideration of resistance, of the quick diffusion of news, of our naval power. He forgets that before 100,000 men were ready for the descent in England, the notice of their coming would be published in the morning papers; that 100,000 men are neither embarked nor disembarked in an instant; that before a Frenchman could be landed here there would be blood spilt upon the waters; that there would be such a muster of volunteer English hearts and English arms upon our coasts, as would effectually damp the ardour of our invaders. But he overlooks another item, greater than all these—the existence of a *moral power*, growing stronger, day by day, as the mind of the nations ripens. If there were not one standing regiment in England, France, brave

and great as she is, would not, and dare not, invade us, first, because brave and great nations do not quarrel for nothing, though Governments may have done so; secondly, because it is not the interests of the Governments to quarrel; thirdly, because the whole moral sense of Europe would scut the absurdity; and, lastly, because Englishmen are Englishmen, and a Frenchman in London (instead of being the peaceful and pleasant visitor he is) might as soon think of walking into the first shop he comes to, and knocking down the man behind the counter. Slowly, but surely, in our opinion, is the world progressing towards a state of peace. But more of this by-and-bye.

The announcements for the publishing season are not very numerous; but they are chiefly by well-known writers, and cannot but have some good stuff in them. *Lavengro*, by George Borrow, will be entertaining, even if it be not a true narration of actual facts. The *Foreign Reminiscences* of the late excellent Lord Holland will attract attention, and, in all probability, deserve it. Currer Bell is publishing some remains of her sisters, with a narrative concerning them: and if she gives a true account of their lives and of the strange locality in which so marked a family have been fostered, we doubt not that an interesting volume will be the result. Several new novels have just appeared. A Christmas book by Mrs. Gaskell is announced; and of course everybody will be looking out for Thackeray's *Kicklebury*, particularly as *Pendennis* is now no more. The first complete account of *Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe* will be received with interest, especially by men of letters. We are not aware of any other new publications, except the *Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines* by Mrs. Clarke, and a volume, entitled *Table Talk*, by the writer whose name is to this Journal.

### Fragnents.

#### FETTERS SUPERSEDED.

The Siamese prevent the escape of their prisoners by burning their feet.

#### A DOUBLE PARRICIDE.

In 1799, a marine persuaded his father to murder his mother, and then, turning king's evidence, succeeded in bringing his father to the gallows.

#### A LENIENT GOVERNMENT.

An Irishman said that Rome had the most *laissez* government in the world. You might kill a man in the street, and nobody took the *last* notice of it.

#### HORNE TOOKE AND THE INCOME-TAX.

Horne Tooke returned his income at sixty pounds a year; the commissioners said they were not satisfied; Horne Tooke, in reply, stated that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they.

#### VITALITY OF HAIR.

Pictet found the hair of a Guanche mummy from Teneriffe, which was perhaps a thousand years old, sufficiently susceptible in a Saussure's hygrometer.—*Humboldt*.

#### THE CROWNING FRUIT OF HUMANITY.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.—*Richter*.

#### CHARITY AND CANDOUR.

It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed, that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe*.

#### MEANING OF LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOUR AS ONESELF.

Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," it is not meant, Thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love,—but, Thou shalt do good to thy neighbour, and this thy benevolence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good.—*Kant*.